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WHOLE NO 1539

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Thursday Morning, Feb. 15, 1855

Our Forefathers' Home;

By DE VEA.

Of the land of our sires, where our forefathers dwelt—
Of the Plymouth Rock, where our forefathers knelt,
Where they breathed forth the prayer, where they
read from God's page,

Which, if studied in youth, is an anchor to age—
Our hearts, 'mid all changes, wherever we roam,
With delight will remember our forefathers' home.

The land of our sires, our forefathers' home,
God bless, 'mid all changes, our forefathers' home.

'Tis our own loved home, where our mothers reside,
And all whom we love and most value beside;
'Tis God's chosen land, where his Bible is read,
Where his Gospel is preached, and his table is spread.

The approval of all nations, whether they roam,
With joy will remember our forefathers' home.
The land of our sires, our forefathers' home,
God bless, 'mid all changes, our forefathers' home.

'Tis a Protestant land, our fathers unfurl'd
The banner of freedom, 'er their western world;
And posterity will ever contend,
For the faith which our forefathers died to defend.

That faith which endures on Jesus alone,
The one mediator, their claim to stone.
A Protestant land, our fathers' home,
God bless, 'mid all changes, our forefathers' home.

To the God of our fathers we'll sing a new song!
Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise him all the day long,
For the word that he spoke—his promise is sure,
And his mercy and kindness will ever endure.

We'll love him and serve him, we'll love him and serve him,
And trust in Christ Jesus, to praise him on high,
In that happy home, in that happy home,
Where there are no changes—that eternal home.

THE OLD.

By MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'Old!' Can you remember how you felt
When that adjective was first coupled with
your name? Perhaps your milliner, in
fitting a new hat, chanced to remark, that
it was a 'becoming fashion for an old lady';
or some coachman, by way of recommending
his carriage, might have added, it was
remarkably easy for an 'old gentleman' to
get in and out of.

'Old indeed!' How officious and rude
these common people are! Whereupon,
you have consulted your mirror, and been
still more indignant at their stupidity!

But you may have been more gently
helped along to this conclusion, by the
circumstance of paternity. *Old Mr. and Mrs.*
set in opposition with *young Mr. and Mrs.*
lose much of their discordance, and be-
come familiar household words. The sat-
isfaction of hearing your eldest darling thus
distinguished, had softened the bitterness
of your own unflattering cognomen. Pos-
sibly, you have been moved magnanimously
to exclaim, with the sententious Ossian,
'Let the name of Morni be forgotten among
the people, if they will only say, Behold
the father of Gaul.'

Still, it is hard to have a quietness sud-
denly put upon long cherished hopes and vani-
ties. 'The baby shall not be named after me,'
said a young parent of his first born,
'for it will be *old John and young John*,
while I am yet in my prime.' 'I wish my
son had not taken it into his head to marry
so early,' said a lady in a remarkably fine
state of preservation; 'for now, I suppose,
it must be *old Madam, and young Madam*.'
The unmarried whose recollections can
dissect a century, are prone to be annoyed
at the disposition to pry into dates, and are
sure that no well-bred person would be
guilty of such absurd curiosity.

Yet to cover the tracks of time, and put
family records out of the way, are of little
avail. There will be, here and there, a
memory stubbornly tenacious of chronological
matters, and whoever labors to conceal
his proper date, will usually find some Ar-
gus to watch over and reveal it.

But, after all what is there so frightful
in this little Saxon word *old*? This collo-
cation of three innocent letters, why do they
thrill the hearts of so many fair women and
brave men, with terror and aversion?
Is everything that is *old* deteriorated?
What do you think of old wine? We can-
not, indeed, say quite as much about that,
in these temperance times, as Anacreon
did. But I've always understood, when
physicians recommended its tonic or re-
storative powers in medicine, it was the
old, and not the *new*. Ask the epicure to
partake of new cheese. Saith he not, 'No;
the *old* is better.' Does any one question
the correctness of his taste? What do you
say of an *old friend*, that best cordial of
life? Blessings on his smile, and on the
hearty grasp of his hand. What if he
does come, leaning on his staff? Was there
no winter in his heart. He was brought
up in times when friendship was more than
a name.

'The vine produces more grapes when
it is young,' says Bacon, 'but better grapes
for wine, when it is old, because its juices

are more perfectly concocted.' Very true,
no doubt. A wise man, was my Lord Bacon.
We see everything is not worse for being
old.

Is it worth while to be so much shocked
at the circumstance of becoming old? Is
it a mark of excommunication from our
race? On the contrary, we have a chance
of finding some very good company.

So, then, we to whom three twenty
years, each with its four full seasons, fair-
ly counted out, pressed together, and run-
ning over, have been given, will no longer
resist the epithet, *old*. To this com-
plexion we have come at last. We will not be
ashamed of it. It is better to be old, than
to be wicked.

Let us draw nearer together. I hold
that we are not a despicable body. Simi-
larity of position, gives community of in-
terest. Have we not something to say,
that others need not hear? We'll say it in
this book.

And first, I would whisper a proposi-
tion, that we depend too much on sym-
pathy from the young. Those who ear-
nestly demand that commodity, having
outlived their early associates, will stand a
chance of being numbered among the re-
pining of old, 'sitting in the market-place,
and calling unto their fellows, we have
piped unto you, and ye have not danced;
we have mourned unto you, and ye have
not lamented.'

Secondly, let us search after bright
things, in the world, and among its peo-
ple. 'Every year of my life,' says Cecil,
I grow more convinced that it is wisest and
best to fix our attention on the beautiful
and the good, and dwell as little as possi-
ble on the dark and the base.'

It is said that the past-meridians are
prone to be querulous, dissatisfied, and to
multiply complaints. I think I have heard
a few of these. Supposing we should listen
to and examine them.

'The world is not what it used to be.' No.
It is a state of palpable progress. It has
thrown its seven-mile boots, and travels
by steam. We plod after it in our antique,
lumbering stage-coaches, and can scarcely
keep in sight of the smoke of its engine.
We cannot overtake it, and it will not stay
for us. The world is in a different place
of action. It pleads guilty to this accusa-
tion. What next?

'We do not receive the respect that was once
paid to age.' Perhaps we expect too much.
Is not something due from us? We think
the young neglect us. Do we not owe
something to the young ourselves? Those
who linger at a banquet after the others
are gone, should take especial pains to
make themselves agreeable. If we find
less courtesy than we wish, let us show
more. It becomes us to be very meek and
patient, to make amends for our long ex-
istence at life's board. 'I had a beauti-
ful dream,' said a bright boy. 'I thought
my children were all in heaven, and so
happy! By and by, grandfather came in
frowning, and said, as he always does,
'Can't these children stop their noise?'—
So we all ran away.'

'People are tired of us.' It may be so.
The guest who tarries late, is sometimes
counted intrusive or burdensome. Toward
those who have long retained coveted hon-
ors or emoluments, there is a natural im-
patience for reversion. 'That old lawyer
has stood first at the bar long enough,'
says the younger aspirant. 'That old phy-
sician gets all the practice; we young doc-
tors may starve.' 'That old author has
been the favorite of the public an unrea-
sonable time; the rest of us want a fair
chance.' The monopoly of wealth is ex-
actly hazardous, though expectant heirs
may be less frank in their expression of
impatience. The resignation at the depart-
ure of the aged and distinguished, can be
readily understood. Allusions to the ma-
jority of the early summoned, may be some-
times significant. 'Those whom the gods
love, die young,' said a pagan. In an age
when all young movements are unpopular,
speed in departure may possibly be count-
ed among the graces; and in a republic, a
desire for the equalization of honors, is
neither peculiar or reprehensible.

'We are not in good health.' Very like-
ly. It would be remarkable if we were.
We could not expect to wear the world's
harness so many years, up hill and down
hill, without some chafing. It would be
a wonder if none of our senses were en-
feebled. They have served us for a long
time. Let us be thankful for the period in
which we have seen clearly, heard quick-
ly, and moved nimbly. Many mysterious
springs, and intricate chords, and delicate
humors, have been kept in order to this
end. We will praise the Architect of such
wonderful mechanism, that it has so well
served us, and that he has seen fit so long
to keep the 'pitcher from being broken at
the fountain, or the wheel at the cistern.'

'Our early friends have departed.' Ah, that
tenure we commenced our earthly
journey. They were to go from us, or we
from them. We linger in the deserted
hall, and ought not to marvel that its flow-
ers droop, and its lamps wane, or are ex-
tinguished. Yet our blessed ones, lost for
a time on earth, are they not to be found
in heaven? Only a little in advance of
us have they forded the dark river. See we
not their white garments glitter from the
opposing bank? Does not their smile in-
spire us with courage ourselves to launch
away? We go not to a stranger's land.
Is not that glorious clime of our hope-
deared by the thought that so many of
those whom we best loved here, await us
there? that the hands which we here pres-

sed so fondly, shall renew the love-ties,
which death for a moment sundered? that
those voices which have never ceased to
linger in our hearts as a treasured melody,
shall be the first to welcome us to the soci-
ety of an 'innumerable company of angels,
and to the spirits of the just made perfect?'

Whoever persists in complaining of this
mortal life, virtually admits that he desires
another. Are we ready for an untried ex-
istence? ready at a moment's warning to
launch away, and return no more? ready
for its atmosphere and service of love?

If any preparation for this change of
clime is complete, let us address ourselves
fervently to the work, without loss of time
or energy in murmuring. We might, in-
deed, in our loneliness and morbidness,
multiply complaints without end. The
habit would grow with indulgence, till every
breath became a claim for sympathy, or an
abjuration if it were withheld.

But *cui bono*? have not others infirmities
and troubles, as well as ourselves? Why
add to their load? Would it not be better
to take part of theirs? 'Bear ye one ano-
ther's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.'
It hath been well said that 'murmuring is
a black garment, and becometh none so ill
as saints.'

Oh, friends! let us not lose our interest
in life's blessings, because we have so long
enjoyed our share of them. Rather, as an
eloquent writer of our own has said, will
we 'raise and throw open a window in our
hearts, and let in the tone of the bird, and
the breath of the violet.' We will not
permit that bright heart-window to be seal-
ed, nor the hand, through our own inert-
ness, to become paralyzed, while genial
nature still spreads her charms around us,
and invites us to rejoice in them, and in
God who gave them.

THE SPRINGFIELD (Mass.) REPUBLICAN
contains, at times, articles which, for
true poetry and noble thought, are unex-
celled in the world of daily journalism.—
This thought upon the New Year is so ex-
quisite that we must be permitted to quote
these paragraphs:

Time, kneeling upon the shores of Etern-
ity and murmuring a prayer to the Great
Unknown has counted another bead upon
his frosty rosary. Standing at his side,
the angel of the bright New Year looks
calmly out on the far flashing sea, while
lying upon the shore, swathed in the un-
happy heavens, the Old Year ebbs his
life away.

The annual recurrence of this day brings
tears to memory, while it wreathens with
smiles the lips of Hope. Who among us
can look back upon the path of the van-
ished year, and behold no dear friend, who
weary with the march of life, 'has fallen
by the wayside?—By the side of the path
lies a husband, the mound above whose
motionless breast has been steeped in tears.
A wife, whose bosom, for many long years,
pillowed a weary brow, lies cold and stony
there. A child, the first born, the best
the only one—like an angel that you meet
when you close your eyes, and the memory
of whose sweet prattle and caresses is
locked as your choicest treasure in your
heart of hearts, lies by that silent path.
The wealth with which many began the
last year's journey has taken to itself wings
and left them naked and homeless. All
look back upon some dear hope crushed,
some loved one among the dead; and my-
riads of dreams that seemed born in heav-
en have been dissipated before they de-
scended to the grave.

BEAUTIFUL—Dickens has the following
beautiful thoughts in his 'Nicholas Nick-
leby':

'It is an exquisite and beautiful thing
in nature, that when the heart is touched
and softened by some tranquil happiness,
or affectionate feeling, the memory of the
dead comes over it most powerfully and
irresistibly. It would almost seem as
though our better thoughts and sym-
pathies were charms, in virtue of which
the soul is enabled to hold some vague and
mysterious intercourse with the spirit of
those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas!
how long and how often may those pa-
tient angels hover above us watching for
the spell which is so seldom uttered, and
so soon forgotten.'

UNHEALTHY PLASTERING.—A communi-
cation in the Journal of Commerce asserts
that the hair used in plaster for new houses
is, very often so dirty as to emit unpleas-
ant effluvia, which are quite sickening and
calculated to keep a room unhealthy for
years afterwards. The writer says:

'Hair used for mixing in mortar should
be thoroughly washed—re-washed, and
dried, and thus deprived of the putrid mat-
ter that often adheres to it. The time in
mortar is not sufficient to cleanse the hair.
It will generate an unpleasant sickly efflu-
via whenever the room is heated, until
the nitrate of lime, or so much of it as is mixed
with the animal matter is incorporated in
the mortar.'

Let every man look well to his habi-
tations. A reputation which has taken him
years to acquire, may be lost in a day or
an hour. A man should keep himself not
only honest and correct in his character,
but should beware of his department, that
no taint of suspicion may be likely to be
thrown upon it.

A spare and simple diet contributes
to the prolongation of life.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—What shall one
feel in the presence of this blessed pray-
er? It is the Lord's prayer. It has been
the prayer of his universal Church! It
was this that our mother taught us. It
was the sacred sentences of this prayer that
first opened our infant lips with the lan-
guage of devotion. It is dear to our mem-
ory; it is full of the mists and budding de-
sires of childhood; it is perfumed with pa-
rent's love; it is full of suggestions of home,
brother, and sister, and mother. It was
the evening prayer. When the sun had
gone down, when shadows stretched
themselves more widely, when the even-
ing star hung silent over the horizon,
when evening insects were full of chirpings
and the belated but sung himself noisily
about for his food; then, in the hush of the
day, bended before a mother's knees, with
little hands innocently put together, a held
in hers, with stammering repetition, we
echoed with our child's voice, the soft low
voice of mother, as she uttered with love
and awe this divine prayer.

It is, therefore, as sacred as use, as love
as memory, as devotion, as the hope of
heaven, and the love of goodness can make
it. No using will wear it away; it is like
the atmosphere. Stones crumble under
continual footsteps, the hardest wood will
wear under the softest hands that do ply
it for years, but one may rush through the
air forever, and it cannot be chafed or
worn. It has recovering force, like fabled
spirited natures, when wounded, with in-
stant power to heal itself. And like that
ethereal sunlit atmosphere in this divine
prayer, that remains fresh in everlasting
youth; no uttering can make it trite, no
frequency can wear it out, no repetitions
can tire the soul of it. It begins life with us,
it goes through life dearer at every period,
and when age begins to shiver & tremble
among our decayed thoughts, this is that
which the daisies sought out for David, lies
in our bosom, and lends us warmth, and
breathes another life into our decaying life!

DRESS.—The honorable Miss Murray
sister of a Scotch Duke, a maid of honor
to Queen Victoria, has been staying for
some days past in New York. Miss Mur-
ray is a lady of fine person, robust health,
and uncommon energy of character—aged
about 25 years. She has visited several of
the public institutions, and been entertain-
ed by many citizens at their own houses,
where her frank and cordial manners, her
singular intelligence and great kindness of
heart have secured her many friends. Miss
Murray, we understand, has keenly enjoy-
ed her extended tour in this country. She
appears, however, to have been struck
with amazement at the expenditure, the
helplessness, and the ill health of that un-
fortunate class of beings, the fashionable
women of our cities. Miss Murray I call
the fashionable woman of Europe, dresses so
plainly that it probably costs her less to dress
for a whole year, than many a New York
lady expends for half-a-dozen handkerchiefs.
It is a settled thing in Europe, that extrava-
gance in dress is the very extreme of vulgari-
ty, and is never indulged in except by those
whose only claim to distinction is the length
of purse.

FRIED APPLES.—A dish of fried apples
is quickly prepared for the table, which is
often a consideration of no small impor-
tance. Wash them—cut them in two, take
out the stem, core and calyx, and unpeeled,
put them into a tin pan with butter, or the
gravy of baked pork, with some water in
proportion to the quantity to be fried—
cover them with a lid, set them on the
stove, stir them occasionally until they be-
come soft—and be careful not to burn them.
Romantic, which are often almost
worthless, baked or raw, 'disappear with
good gusto when fried.' We may truth-
fully pronounce despicable Penies, when
fried, good; but the Porters, Bellflowers,
Tallman sweets, and a long list which we
might name, when fried, are really a lux-
ury. Sour apples do not fry well—they
fly to pieces too much—Country Gentle-
men.

CORN CAKES.—A lady, in the *Ohio cul-
tivist*, recommends the following receipt,
for Corn Cake, and Breakfast Cake:
To one pint of sour butter-milk add
three eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus,
one-quarter pound of butter, thickened
with fine meal, do not make it too stiff, spread
on a buttered pan and bake quickly.

The following makes a very nice break-
fast cake:—To one pint of butter-milk
or sour cream add two tablespoonfuls of
molasses, salt and spice or nutmeg to suit
the taste, and thicken with the Indian
meal; mix over night and bake quickly for
breakfast.

TO PRESERVE IRON AND STEEL KNIVES
FROM RUST.—Procure some melted virgin
wax—the purer the better—and rub it
thoroughly over the blades of the knives.
After it has dried, warm the knives and
having carefully removed the wax from the
surface, rub them briskly with a dry
cloth, until the original polish is fully re-
stored. This will fill all the pores with
the unctuous and minute particles of wax,
which will adhere firmly, and prevent the
intrusion of water or moisture, which is
the cause of rust. They will retain their
brilliantly for weeks, if used.

AN Emetic.—Many lives might be
saved by a knowledge of this receipt: A
large teaspoonful of mustard mixed in a
tumbler of warm water and swallowed as
soon as possible acts as an instant emetic,
sufficient to remove all that is lodged in the
stomach.

Life's Journey Ended.

'So when ash-pew freighted with the stores
The sea matures, on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor and her canvas furled;
In some fair harbor of our western world;
T'were vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.'

How does love glow toward their fellow
travellers, their future fellow-citizens in the
Better Land! Is it the heavenly-minded
who slight or slander those with whom they
are to dwell under the same roof, with
whom they are to serve and sing forever?

How do the heavenly-minded welcome
death, desiring to depart? What foretastes
do they enjoy, as they approach the confines
of Canaan? Land-birds, of beautiful plu-
mage, greeted Columbus days before his
eyes caught a glimpse of the New World.
A more southern voyager found himself in
the fresh waters of the Amazon, before dis-
covering the continent from whence they
came. So, at the close of life's voyage, do
birds of Paradise come hitherward, careen-
ing on bright wings, and the river of life
sends its refreshing current far out into the
briny sea of this world. 'The celestial
city,' said Payson, 'is now full in my view.
Its glories beam upon me—it sounds strike
upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into
my heart.'

In observing the transit of Venus across
the sun's disc, Rittenhouse was so filled
with rapture that he fainted. And as the
glories of the upper world, the unutterable
splendor of the Sun of Righteousness, attract
the eye of the beholder, if it strange that
he should be rapt and overwhelmed? 'The
kingdom of Heaven is within you.' Such
high anticipations turn earth into Paradise.

The Mother.

It has been truly said: 'The first being
that rushes to the recollection of a soldier
or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his
mother. She clings to his memory and
affection, in the midst of all the forgetful-
ness and hardness induced by a roving
life. The last message is for her—his last
whisper breathes her name. The mother
as she instills the lessons of piety and filial
obligation in the heart of her infant son,
should always feel that her labor is not in
vain. She may drop into the grave, but
she has left behind her an influence that
will work for her. The bow is broken but
the arrow is sped, and will do its office.'

AFFECTION.

There is life in no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And breathes down to earth its native heaven;
It is beside the cradle patient hours,
Whom sole contentment is to watch and love;
It bends o'er the death-bed, and conceals,
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life hath sought light that may supply its place;
Vain is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter without love.

[Miss Landon.]

A DYING FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.
Sir William Penn, who was an Admiral
in the British Navy during the Protector-
ate of Cromwell, and in the reign of Charles
II, gave the following as his dying advice
to his son, William Penn, the celebrated
founder of Pennsylvania:

'Three things (said the dying Admiral)
I recommend to you:

1. Let nothing tempt you to wrong
conscience; if you keep peace at home,
it will be a feast to you on a day of
trouble.
2. Whatever you design to do, lay it
justly and time it seasonably; for that gives
security and dispatch.
3. Be not troubled at disappointments.
If they may be recovered, do it; if not,
trouble is in vain.

These rules will carry you with firm-
ness and comfort through the inconstant
world.'

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.—Dr. Cum- mings beautifully remarks:

'The builder builds for a century—we for
eternity. The painter paints for a generation
—we for ever. The poet sings for an age
—we for ever. The statue cuts out the
marble that soon perishes—let us try to
cut out the likeness of Christ to endure for
ever and ever.'

'A hundred thousand men were em-
ployed in Egypt to construct a pyramidal
tomb for a dead king; let us feel that we
are engaged in a far nobler work in con-
structing temples for the living God. In
my humble judgment, the poorest par-
ish school in our land with no other orna-
ments than the dew-drops of the morning
to gild it, is a nobler spectacle than the loftiest
European cathedral with its spires glisten-
ing in the setting and rising suns of a thou-
sand years.'

'Now'—'Now' is the constant syn-
bolic ticking from the clock of time. 'Now'
is the watchword of the wise. 'Now' is
the banner of the prudent.

Let us keep this little word always in our
mind; and whenever anything presents it-
self to us in the shape of work, whether
mental or physical, we should do it with
all our might, remembering that *now* is the
only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way
to get through the world by putting it off
till to-morrow, saying, 'Then I will do it.'
No! This will never answer. *Now* is ours;
then will never be.

It is stated that there is a merchant in
Boston who, during fourteen years, has
always had his name on the docket of
some court, either as plaintiff or defend-
ant. The lawyers 'tip their beavers' to
this gentleman almost instantly.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S NEST.

One of the Emperor of Spain,
With his swart, grave countenance,
I forgot in what campaign,
Long besieged in mud and rain
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Sitting with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgo, dull and dumpy,
Curled the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Then, as to and fro they went,
Over yonder and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they sped a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Made of tall, or dragon's crest,
Found on boggy ground, east or west,
A shelter from the force.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he perched his grey mustache,
'Where, this swallow overheard,
Thinks our Emperor's tent a shed,
And our Emperor's tent a shed.'

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with these words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
When the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

'Let no hand the bird molest,'
Said he solemnly, 'nor hurt her!'
Adding then, by way of jest:
'Gold-dust is my great-
'Tis the wife of some desert.'

Swift a flash sped a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor;
And the soldiers, as they quitted
Flemish beer, at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid,
There the swallow sat and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade,
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck the tents as if disbanding;
Only on the Emperor's tent—
For he ordered, ere he went,
'Very carefully leave it standing.'

And it stood there all alone,
Lovely, happy, torn and tattered,
Till the broad sun fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone,
That the cannon shots had shattered.

*Motto.—The Spanish for mole.
GOLD-DUST, in Spanish means a swallow and side-
saddle.

TO YOUNG MEN.—We extract the follow-
ing beautiful paragraph from the Baccala-
ureate Address lately delivered before the
Graduating Class of Rutgers College, by
the Hon. Theo. Frelinghuysen, and com-
mend it to the perusal of the young:

'Resolve to do something useful, hon-
orable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel
the thought that you can, and therefore
you may live above labor, and without
work. Among the most pitiful objects of
society, is the man whose mind has been
trained by education—who has learned
how to think, and with all these noble fac-
ulties cultivated and prepared for an hon-
orable activity, ignominiously sits down to noth-
ing—with no influence over the public
mind—with no interest in the public con-
cerns of his neighborhood—to be regarded
as a drone, without office or character,
with no effort to put forth to help the
right or defeat the wrong. You can
think with any calmness of such a misera-
ble career? And however it may be with
you in active enterprise never permit
proud influence to be in hostility to the
cause of truth and virtue. So live, that
with the Christian poet, you may truth-
fully say that—

'If your country stand not by your shift,
At least your follies have not wrought her ill.'

Eloquence of the Hands.

The hands are by the very instinct of
humanity raised in prayer, clasped in af-
fection, wrung in despair on the forehead
when the soul is perplexed in the ex-
treme; drawn inward to invite, thrust forth
obediently to repel; the fingers point
to indicate and are snuffed in disdain; the
palm is laid upon the heart in invocation
of subdued feeling and on the brow of
the compassion in benediction. The im-
pressive capacity of the hands was never
more strikingly displayed than in the orisons
of the deaf and dumb. Their teacher
stood with closed eyes and addressed the
Deity by those signs made with the fin-
gers, which constitute a language for the
speechless.

Around him were grouped more than a
hundred mutes who followed with reverent
glances every motion. It was a visible,
but an inaudible worship.